Road Regrets

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/77575346.

Rating:
Explicit

Archive Warning:
No Archive Warnings Apply

Category:
M/M

Fandom:
Heated Rivalry (TV)

Relationship:
Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov

Characters:
Shane Hollander, Ilya Rozanov

Additional Tags:
Topping from the Bottom, Light Dom/sub, Kink Discovery, Baby's First Dom Awakening, Bratting, We All Know Who the Brat is, Texting, Sexting, Phone Sex, Teasing, Orgasm Denial, Partially Inspired by the Boards Slam Smash Cut, Sub Top Ilya Rozanov, Power Bottom Shane Hollander, Shane Hollander Walks Ilya Rozanov Like A Dog, Masturbation, Mutual Masturbation, Fantasizing, Sub Ilya Rozanov

Language:
English

Stats:
Published: 2026-01-12 Words: 9,176 Chapters: 1/1

Road Regrets

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Summary

And suddenly, filling his entire screen, Rozanov was grinning into the camera with a row of bloody teeth. His lip was split. When he wiped his mouth with the back of his bare hand, it came away streaked with red. He spat the rest onto the ice with an awful smile and a wink before getting to his feet.

Jane: Can you stay in the dressing room?

Lily: Are you asking or telling?

Jane: You hate being told what to do.

Lily: Not when it's you

Jane: Stay.

Jane: You looked really fucking good taking that hit.

Notes

Ao3 user positivejam Metros Captain Shane Hollander: thinking that guys getting their ass kicked in hockey fights is kinda hot, actually??
I have no other notes.
–
Lol sorry to anyone who followed me (ABRML) because of my kidfic and is now seeing THIS. It's a hard pivot. But uhhh enjoy?
-
We're both Canadian millenials and this show felt like a sniper shot haha. Enjoy!!

See the end of the work for more notes

Shane Hollander was really starting to hate hotels.

He hated the spotty water pressure in the showers. He hated hearing other people's TVs through the walls. He hated the ugly curtains that he could never get to close all the way at night, and he hated the unrelenting winter sun in his eyes every morning.

He was a creature of habit, missing the comforts of home. The ice dispenser in his fridge. How the weighted blanket his mom sent him settled over his body, comforting in a way he didn't quite understand. Even the pile of throw pillows his designer had insisted would "add visual interest and depth" to the bedroom.

But most of all, he missed the six-foot-three Russian man who sometimes occupied his bed. Sometimes, often, always. Shane's mind wandered to the health questionnaires from Junior A. How often do you drink? How often do you exercise? How often do you get plowed into mattresses at midnight by the guy who tried to knock your teeth out at 4 Eastern, 7 Pacific?

Sometimes, often, always.

Well. Not *always*, never *always,* no matter how much Shane liked to fantasize about getting thrown against locker rooms walls and tearing matching jerseys off one another. But at least it was reliable. Fuck, at least it was *routine*. And he probably shouldn't be clinging to the routine of a sometimes-fuck, but with the way the winds were shaking the windows and whipping up the snow, there wasn't much else left.

Shane knew before the call came. Forty below, all flights grounded, their game in Ottawa postponed. He knew there was one thousand six hundred and seventy-five kilometres between here and there. Shane knew because, with the desperation of a man who only wanted to get home, he had searched every possible route– as if with enough determination he could *will* the team bus over the Great Lakes themselves.

"Maybe the winds will break," his mother said while bright red weather alerts lit up his screen with headlines calling it "*the storm of a century."*

It was that prairie kind of cold– not the cold he knew, the kind that crept off the lakes to settle in your bones like an old relative. It was bitter. Landlocked and unrelenting. This kind of cold was a stranger to Shane, blooming like dry ice in his lungs with each breath.

And maybe that stranger was why Shane found himself bathed in the harsh glow of a TV tuned to a blindingly white empty rink. Why he was anxiously tapping the lock button on his phone, *on-off on-off*, filling the hotel room with ghostly blue light just to mindlessly scroll. Why he let tinny speakers fill his room just to fill the silence– *Good evening, hockey fans, and welcome to Buffalo.*

That landlocked cold had done the impossible. It had settled in his bones like home.

Shane knew before the call came, but he startled at the text. *Lily*, lit up like a fucking break of green through the dirty snow.

Lily [5:43pm]:
So
Can I fuck your throat this time or are you going to choke again
Like against vancouver last week?
;)

Another hotel room. Another popcorn ceiling. Miles of snow and ice between here and there (and, quietly, as if it could be an afterthought, as if his own mind could judge: *and him)*. Rozanov, on the ice, in his element while Shane froze so far away.

And so, with freezing fingers, Shane typed.

Fuck you.

And re-typed.

Fuck you, you know I'm stuck in Winnipeg.

And imagined for a moment being the kind of person who could reply with something sexy, effortless and witty. Or the kind of person brave enough to just send a dick pic and let skin do the talking for him.

And, finally, he considered deleting Rozanov's first text all together before responding dryly with:

Jane [5:46pm]:
Shouldn't you be prepping for your game?

Lily [5:46pm]:
Hah
Don't let anyone tell you you are not hilarious
Is just Buffalo lol

Jane [5:47pm]:
That's not very sportsmanlike.

Lily [5:47pm]:
And that is why I won MVP instead of sportsmanship trophy

The heat in Shane's belly churned to half anger. He couldn't fucking believe him, sometimes. Rozanov, trailing two points behind him in the league with a cigarette still between his teeth.

Jane [5:47pm]:
You're the fucking captain.

Lily [5:48pm]:
I thought my english was bad
I am fucking the captain
Big difference

Shane typed out another half-hearted *fuck you* and deleted it. But no matter how many drafts he wrote, he could not hide from the cold. Each one was quickly turned into *fuck it* as he thought about Rozanov's first text.

Yeah, alright. Fuck it.

He only needed a little warmth in this bitter cold.

Right?

Jane [5:49pm]:
Yeah? You wish dude
;)

Shane had approximately fifteen seconds to overanalyze his own text (was the winky face too much?) before Rozanov responded:

Lily [5:49pm]:
Besides
Are you going to tell on me?
Report me to the league for being mean meanie?

Jane [5:50pm]:
Don't be stupid.

Lily [5:50pm]:
Then shut up and enjoy your night off

If you are missing practice so much you can always practice shut up and suck ;)

Oh, fuck. What an asshole. What an asshole that Shane hoped would follow through. *Breathe.*

Jane [5:50pm]:
Maybe I will.
Too bad you won't be around to see.

Shane's hand shook a little as he put his phone face down on the bedspread. *Just the cold snap*, he told himself. Like it was drying out his fucking brain. *Go to sleep*, he heard the rational part of his mind screaming somewhere below the part filled up with Rozanov, Rozanov, Rozanov. Rozanov pulling his gear over perfect abs. Rozanov yanking gloves over fingers that would fit so perfectly down his throat–

The TV speaker cut through his thoughts: *And now, ladies and gentlemen, please rise for the American national anthem.*

The image of Rozanov's phone buzzing with desperate texts had Shane burying his head in his hands.

But a second later he saw the image of Rozanov on the line, jaw clenched as he fidgeted on his skates for an anthem so far from his own. The camera lingered. There were beads of sweat on his jaw mingled with a missed shave.

Maybe I will. His own voice, drowning out the others. Shane touched two fingers against his lips. He smelled like hotel soap and hockey gear. Rozanov might smell the same, he wagered, with a settling of cologne over his skin.

Press. Past the lips, slick on the tongue, teasing his throat. *You can take it.* As the camera panned over the players, Shane ran his own fingers over every bud of his tongue. His mouth watered. He slid a little deeper, like *he* would. One hand wandered to the half bulge in his sweats. That first touch against the back of his throat had him squirming, begging *more* even with his mouth full. It wasn't nearly enough. His own fingers were imperfect, too thin in his mouth. His own hand was so damn cold.

***

Sexting had never really done anything for him. Shane wasn't great

with words. He was even worse in a dressing room that smelled like sweat, surrounded by his teammates who were, more often than not, too nosy for their own good.

"He's texting Lily again," JJ had said the other day, having snuck a peek over Shane's shoulder. Shane had locked his phone quickly, but not before JJ had managed to see his last few messages. "*Gonna come for me in Boston next week?"* JJ thrust his hips back and forth in the air a few times. "*Capitaine*, you dog!"

"Let Cap sext his long-distance girlfriend in peace," Hayden had said, shoving JJ and knocking him off balance. A few of their teammates had laughed, and Shane took the momentary distraction to stash his phone.

"She's not-" he started to say, but Hayden and a few others just groaned in unison.

"We *know*," Hayden had said. "Whatever you gotta tell us to sleep at night, Hollzy."

But that's the thing – he *wasn't* sleeping. Not well, anyway.

Maybe he *should* have an early night. Rozanov probably wouldn't hold it against him. Probably.

Shane sighed, turning the volume up as the game came back from commercial break. The announcers were discussing Rozanov's points so far this season. There was a picture of him on screen, all surly and scowling at the camera like he was annoyed at the photographer for wasting his time, annoyed at whoever was looking at him on TV.

The condescending smirk hidden in the scowl. The ice blue of his eyes. Shane had seen it just once before and he saw it in messy, head-spinning pieces again now. They had fought, they had fucked. It kind of blurred together. Rozanov drawing up, his cross dangling between them. The heave of his chest: yelling, then gasping. The grin as he dipped down and slid just that much further inside. *Can I fuck you properly now, Hollander? Will you take it all like my…* fuck*… good boy*?

Shane blinked hard and rolled to the cold side of the bed.

Besides. *Besides.* The scowl couldn't be right. Rozanov loved to showboat for his fans. The Raiders were playing at home tonight, and Shane would bet his entire bank account that Rozanov would be playing it up for the crowd.

Suddenly, his own face appeared on screen next to Rozanov's. *Ah.* They were comparing stats now, of course they were. It was every analyst's favourite thing to do. *Who's better: Hollander or Rozanov?* Easy answer, in Shane's opinion.

He was still leading, but only just. Scott Hunter was trailing in third, quite a ways back now. Shane wasn't worried about him. But he was still pissed to be missing a game tonight. Just another chance for Rozanov to catch up. Surpass him, even. *Fuck*.

Rozanov won the faceoff. Shane tossed the remote next to him on the bed, settling back against the pillows. He'd only watched a handful of Raiders games over the years, but he always loved watching Rozanov play. He was like magic on the ice, strong and powerful. Confident, or cocky, depending on the day. But there was no denying his talent. Whenever he was on the ice, everyone else faded into the background.

He scored his first goal eight minutes into the first, flicking the puck straight between the goalie's legs.

His second goal came six minutes later, just under the crossbar. He skated a victory lap past the Buffalo bench, holding one hand to his ear as if he couldn't hear the home crowd chanting his name.

What an asshole.

Twelve minutes into the second period, Rozanov fired off a pass to Kuznetsov for an easy assist. And three minutes later, he'd scored his third.

Shane watched as Rozanov was pounded into the boards by his teammates. The crowd at the Garden was going nuts. Their captain was shouting something on screen, maybe in Russian. Shane found himself watching Rozanov's lips move, trying to figure out what he was saying. The camera cut to a wide shot and Shane realized he'd been leaning forward, tense, toes practically fucking curled. It was… instincts. That's all. Synapses firing on that awful mouth and curl of sweaty, dirty blonde beneath Rozanov's helmet. Shane took a breath and forced himself to relax back into the pillows.

On screen, one of Buffalo's defencemen shouted something, circling around his own net. Rozanov chirped back, spitting on the ice.

Looks like Benoit's having words with Boston captain Ilya Rozanov, the announcer said.

Rozanov wasn't a small guy, but this defenceman towered over him, getting right up in Rozanov's face. Shane watched as Rozanov put a glove to the guy's chest and gave him a little push, nudging him out of his personal space.

Bad move.

This time, he leaned forward without the pretense.

Benoit threw a punch, catching Rozanov in the jaw. He dropped his gloves and took another shot, this one clipping the side of Rozanov's head.

Rozanov threw his gloves down too, grabbing at the front of Benoit's jersey. The cameras swiveled and zoomed in around them, looking for first blood. Benoit hadn't managed to knock the cocky grin off Rozanov's face; he was *still* fucking smiling. *Still* fucking chirping even with a clip on the jaw.

Rozanov said something that didn't look like English to Shane's eye and Benoit threw a punch to Rozanov's visor. *One*. Another hit to the ribs, and Rozanov curved in on himself slightly. *Two*. Another hit to the back of Rozanov's neck knocked his helmet to the ground.

Oh and that's a clean hit, ladies and gentleman, unless Rozanov has a little fire left–

When Rozanov's knees hit the ice, two linesmen jumped in, one pulling Benoit back by the chest and sending him to the penalty box. Shane could only see the end of the fight in peripherals. Because if the camera loved one man, it was Ilya fucking Rozanov.

It looks like a penalty for Buffalo—

His helmet and gloves were scattered somewhere across the ice. Rozanov was bare before him but so far away. Shane felt a clutch in his heart as he found the camera with a dazed look and a lopsided grin.

Though it seems Rozanov is taking it in stride–

There was a shot of Rozanov, steadying himself on the boards. And suddenly, filling his entire screen, he was grinning into the camera with a row of bloody teeth. His lip was split. When he wiped his mouth with the back of his bare hand, it came away streaked with red. He spat the rest onto the ice with an awful smile and a wink

before getting to his feet.

That fucking wink.

As Rozanov skated off, clearly fine save for his pride, that clutch in Shane's heart tightened to something new. Something low and warm and dangerous, like hotel elevator anticipation. Shane couldn't stop staring at the blood he spit on the ice. Rozanov on his knees, punch-drunk and grinning through a split lip. Happy, pliable, fucking *drooling*. Maybe not an asshole for once in his miserable life.

And fuck if that didn't have him squirming again. Shane thought of the simple control that came from strong hands. The way Rozanov would run fingers through his hair until he had a handful to tug. How he would pin him, and push his face into the mattress with just one hand on the back of his neck. The five star points of his fingers, splayed out on Shane's belly, teasing but not touching his cock.

It was hot, everything about Rozanov was in an infuriating way, but not quite right. Shane felt like he was chasing a heat he didn't entirely understand. All he could think of was the blood on his teeth, the blur in his eyes.

The game continued but he wasn't watching anymore. Shane imagined damp, dirty curls under his *own* hands instead and it shocked him how quickly the image went to his cock. He squeezed the bulge in his sweatpants, just to stave off what was so quickly running away from him.

Fuck, it was just a fantasy, right? Normal. Red blooded and hot.

Sliding his cock between those split lips, catching on the scab. Rozanov would tease him about it, *don't come so quickly this time, yes?* But this time Shane could be the one to tell him *shut up and suck*. He imagined fucking Rozanov's mouth somewhere dirtier than a hotel room, so he could watch him spit his cum on the ground then grin up at him. *Is that all you've got, Hollander?* he'd ask, voice hoarse. He'd try to glare at him but it wouldn't– wouldn't work, he'd be too punch-drunk on *Shane,* and maybe he could be just rough enough to open that scab again and see those bloody teeth–

Wait, what the fuck?

Shane shoved both hands under the pillow, cheek burning in shame. What was he getting off on, exactly? Did he want to *fuck* Rozanov? Bend *him* over for once?

The idea had his cock flagging. So, not quite– and probably for the best, he wasn't ready for another revelation tonight. No, it wasn't about that, this time. It was more about… power, maybe? He briefly considered googling 'why do I think it's hot to see my hookup take a hit' but then decided he would most likely drop dead from shame before he could press search.

Shane buried his face in another pillow, entirely soft now. This wasn't the heat he was hoping would find him, burning on his cheeks. Something was wrong with him, some wire got crossed in the stormwinds. He… just needed to get back on the road.

He tried to focus on the game, to channel this into something productive, at least.

As he followed the puck he could still see the ghost of Rozanov's blood on the ice.

In the end, the Raiders won 6-0, absolutely humiliating Buffalo. That was to be expected. Despite Shane's complaints about *sportsmanship,* they both knew Buffalo wasn't very good.

Shane grabbed the remote, but before he could turn the TV off, a sweaty, shirtless Ilya Rozanov appeared on screen. There were at least nine microphones crowded under his chin. And he was *still* grinning.

To keep watching was a bad idea, but to turn it off would hurt worse.

The asshole didn't even have the civility to look out of breath. His cheeks were flushed, and a thin sheen of sweat clung to his forehead. His curls were damp. The split lip had scabbed over, there was just a kiss of a bruise on his cheekbone. Shane wanted to touch all of it through the screen.

He didn't hear the first question, but Rozanov was responding, talking to someone off-camera about their goalie's injury and when he was expected to return. Fuck, he sounded good like this, voice run ragged from shouting. Every little growl in the back of his throat from when he rolled his R's had Shane shifting in the hotel bed. What would it sound like, rasped hot against his ear as Shane sank down on him? Slow, soft. River rock gravel below him. *Fuck you are beautiful Hollander. Please, take all of me, that's only halfway, please, please–*

"You've just passed Shane Hollander in points for the season," a different reporter cut in next. Rozanov turned to his other side. He was looking down at the ground and leaning forward, trying to hear.

“Anything you’d like to say to him?”

There was a second’s delay as Rozanov worked through the translation, and then his smile widened. “Who?” he started, getting a laugh from the crowd. “No, I joke, and yes there is something I have to say.”

Rozanov turned to look straight down the barrel of the camera. “Don’t cry, Hollander, there’s always next season. If you need advice, give me a call. I have a tip for you.”

And then that motherfucker *winked*. Shane felt his jaw go slack. The reporters on-screen laughed again as Rozanov turned to leave, back to his dressing room.

Shane grabbed his phone and unlocked it. His last text to Lily was still there, unanswered.

Fuck it.

Jane [9:08pm]:
You’re such an asshole

Lily [9:08pm]:

The reply was almost instant. Like he was fucking *waiting* for Shane to text him.

Lily [9:09pm]:
Were you watching?

Jane [9:09pm]:
You knew I was, dick

Lily [9:09pm]:
Now I do
So
Do you want your tip now?
Or later ;)

Jane [9:10pm]:
Fuck
You

Lily [9:11pm]:

I love when you talk dirty to me
You must be getting desperate

Jane [9:11pm]:
I'm not

Lily [9:11pm]:
Ohhh i know
You're sad i'm winning now

It took Shane a second to figure out what he was talking about. *The fucking stats?*

Jane [9:12pm]:
Only by 2

Lily [9:12pm]:
3
Lommi scored off my pass in the 3rd
I thought you were watching

Lily [9:13pm]:
Or were you distracted?

Shane bit down, cringing like Rozanov had somehow seen him through the screen with his cock half hard at the punch-drunk vision he made. He'd always had a good memory. One made up of columns and lines and plays he could have made, but never did. And now all he could think of was the image of Rozanov grinning up from his knees.

Jane [9:17pm]:
You took a fucking hit back there. Did you get checked out?

Lily [9:17pm]:
You know the rules

Jane [9:17pm]:
So, yes.

Lily [9:17pm]:
Yes
The doctor said 'rozanov you dog, who left lipstick on your collar' and let me back out

Jane [9:17pm]:

Lily [9:18pm]:
Oh, you are jealous of benoit
No it was nothing serious
Just a little kiss

Comparing the hit to lipstick was doing nothing to stave off the burned-in image behind his eyes. Unbidden, Shane imagined those split lips covered in tacky red. Shane could smear it down his chin and Rozanov would just keep grinning. Red, red, red. It could be anything. Lipstick, blood, cum, pure fucking rage– he was too dizzy to put the pieces together, but he knew he was bucking against the mattress imagining the dirty *something* of fucking up Ilya Rozanov's stupid, pretty, *perfect* mouth.

Shane was so hard it hurt when his phone buzzed again.

Lily [9:18pm]:
Or you are jealous someone else had hands on me?
I like jealous Jane

Shane knew he must be in the locker room, now. Stripped down, soaked through with sweat, a stupid winning grin on his face as he basked in the hollering around him. In a blink he'd be at a bar buying shots for the whole of Boston.

Jane [9:18pm]:
Are you still in the lockers?

Lily [9:19pm]:
Yes

He could picture all his teammates, high and wild on the win, jeering at the *Jane* that lit up his phone. And there was that dangerous flare of heat again as Shane imagined Rozanov lost in the screen, eyes only for him. *Yes*. No teasing, no stupid fucking jokes. Just a yes.

Just quiet, for once in his goddamn life.

Just fucking… listening. *Obedient.*

The word hit him like a shot, like liquor in his blood. Shane half wished he really had one. It would stop his hands from shaking as he typed out his response. *Stay,* he said, and really he meant it in so many ways. But right now there was only heat and power and bright

fucking red–

Jane [9:19pm]:
Can you stay?

Lily [9:19pm]:
Are you asking or telling?

Jane [9:20 pm]:
Asking.

Lily [9:20pm]:
Why don't you tell me instead? Tell me what you want

"Price taught me a good English saying today," Rozanov had murmured once, honey sweet against the back of Shane's neck as he was softening inside him.

"Mm. I don't need the whole fuckin' armada in here, Rozanov," Shane had deadpanned back. Too fucked out to really care but just awake enough to bite back. *"One Raider in my bed is more than enough."*

Rozanov had kissed his shoulder with just a whisper of teeth. *"He said 'You are thinking with the wrong head.' Hilarious. You get it?"*

"Yeah, I get it."

"Then I think…" The whisper turned to something louder. Love bites low enough to cover. Fingerprint bruises around his hips as Rozanov curled up and clung tight. *"You should try sometime."*

"I'm not you."

"You could be."

Jane [9:20 pm]:
You hate being told what to do

Lily [9:20pm]:
Not when its you
When it's you I like it very much
Tell me

Shane could feel his restraint through the fucking screen. This was still the cool, collected Rozanov, the guy coming off an easy win.

How in control was he, really? How in control did he *want to be*?

Shane indulged, just for a second, in the image of Rozanov's bare shoulders squared against his locker. In the clench of his jaw and the catch of his breath, lit only by the harsh glow of a hidden phone screen. *Tell me,* he had typed. No bullshit.

Maybe Shane wanted him a little wild. Maybe he wanted to throw the first hit just to see how pretty he went down. And maybe Rozanov was fucking with him, sure, but something felt different this time.

Jane [9:21pm]:
Then I'm telling you to stay.

And I'm going to– Shane started typing, still at war with himself. Why was it so hard to talk like this, like *him*?

His phone buzzed again.

Lily [9:21pm]:
Ok I am staying in sweaty locker room
Are you going to make it worth my while?

He wanted to tell Rozanov every full-colour fantasy currently short circuiting his brain. Shane wanted to tell him to strip down but to keep his hands to himself, to brace those strong arms on his locker walls until he was desperate for it. He wanted Ilya Rozanov whiny, untouched and wanting. *Fuck*. Ok, they're doing this.

Jane [9:21pm]:
Yeah
I'm going to enjoy my night off like you said

Lily [9:21pm]:
Tell me how

A beat.

Lily [9:21pm]:
Please

With one word, his whole world started to spin.

Fuck it. Shane threw the suckerpunch with his eyes closed.

Jane [9:22pm]:
Touching myself
Wishing it was you

Lily [9:22pm]:
Fuck
Where?

Shane hesitated, then immediately chastised himself for feeling embarrassed. *You've literally had this guy inside you, you can tell him what you want.*

Maybe it would be easier if he was actually doing it.

Shane lifted his hips to pull his sweats down. He was half hard already, more than that, probably. As he kicked them off, trying not to squirm as desperately as he felt, his cock slapped against his belly. Just the needy sound of it made him blush. Oh, god. At least his body was getting the fucking picture even if his mind was lagging behind.

If Rozanov were here, he'd thumb at the tip, first. He'd drag the bead of wetness down his length with some husky whisper-tease, *don't come until I'm inside you, okay?* It's not the same when Shane tried to mimic it, but the memory of his weight and hands was enough to coax himself hard.

Stroke. One, two, *fuck*. *Say it.*

Jane [9:23pm]:
My dick

Lily [9:23pm]:
Good boy

"Good boy," Rozanov had said, climbing onto the bed between Shane's spread legs.

"Good boy," he murmured, his teeth against Shane's ear, sweaty chest pressed to sweaty back as they moved together.

"Good boy," he groaned, long fingers tightening in Shane's hair as Rozanov came hard down his throat.

Shane felt his cheeks flush, relaxing under the praise. It was a familiar warmth, it was easy. Shane rocked up into his hands a few times like settling into the rhythm of their sometimes-fucks. Like this, all he had to do was melt into the memory of Rozanov all over him.

But it… it hit different this time.

Lily [9:23pm]:
Did that make you blush?
Are your cheeks getting pink? So pretty for me

Jane [9:23pm]:
Shut up

Shut up, he'd growl at Rozanov before throwing him up against the boards. Shane tried to put it out of his mind but it came back like a shock every time. Blood and ice and stupid fucking smiles.

Lily [9:23pm]
Make me

He was probably grinning right now. Asshole. Before he could overthink it, Shane followed the feeling down.

Jane [9:24pm]
no Im serious
Im calling the shots tonight

Lily [9:24pm]:
Fuck
Yes
You are
Fuck that made me so hard
Tell me what to do

Jane [9:24pm]:
Nothing

Lily [9:24pm]:

What?

Jane [9:24pm]:

Not yet

Lily [9:24pm]:
Why not?

Jane [9:24pm]:
Because your team is still there with you
Aren't they?

He was pouting. Shane was sure of it. Pouting and glaring at Marleau,

or Dubek, or whoever else was lingering in the dressing room. Taking their time stripping off their gear, showering, chirping their captain who was, for all Shane knew, still sitting in his stall glued to his phone. *Waiting for him.*

Lily [9:26pm]:
I can go somewhere else

Jane [9:26pm]:
You're the captain
You shouldn't leave

Lily [9:26pm]:
Then i'll make them leave

Jane [9:26pm]:
Be patient

Lily [9:27pm]:
Fine

Fine. Why was *fine* making his hips roll up into the tight grip of his own hand? Shane grinned at his phone, at the four little letters. He'd stepped over the invisible line so many times and Rozanov had just taken it. Fuck, he *liked* it.

But he was still too composed. Being selective with his words. Shane liked when he was wild, uninhibited. He wanted *that* Rozanov. He wanted to shatter Rozanov's self-control.

Jane [9:27pm]:
Good

Lily [9:28pm]:
You're better at this than you think you are

The praise washed over him, familiar still. The fucked up thing was it *wasn't* hard. Not when he could scroll up and see *tell me what to do* written so plainly.

Jane [9:28pm]:
It's too bad you aren't here
I'm enjoying having this whole bed to myself

Lily [9:28pm]:
Would be better if i was there

Jane [9:28pm]:
What would you do if you were here?
Would you get on your knees for me?

Lily [9:28pm]:
Try again
Would you make me?

Jane [9:28pm]:
I wouldn't have to

Lily [9:28pm]:
You are killing me

Jane [9:29pm]:
Everyone gone yet?

Lily [9:29pm]:
Almost
I'm going to fucking kill max sorokin
You will hear about it on the news tomorrow

Jane [9:29pm]:
That doesn't sound like patience

Shane could see his nostrils flaring, the heavy arch of his brows and the terrifying ice of his eyes. *Out.* Rozanov could say it in a look, he knew. How was he going to explain the sudden hard line of his jaw when the rest of his team were ready to drench him in champagne?

His cock twitched again, hips bucked up. *You did that, just you.* It was starting to feel like a drumbeat behind his eyes.

Lily [9:30pm]:
I wish I could get down on my knees for you
Right here
If you were here i would

Jane [9:30pm]:
In the middle of the raiders dressing room?

Lily [9:30pm]:
Yes
Fucking anywhere
Would you come in my mouth?

Yes, Shane wrote with no hesitation before–

Jane [9:30pm]:
Maybe
Only if you were patient
Are you being patient?

Lily [9:30pm]:
Yes
I'm being so good ;)

Holy fuck. Shane wasn't sure if they were going there. *There*, to the place in his mind's eye where Rozanov's eyes were blown out and soft like they were after that hit. His hand sped up, slick and fast around his cock for just a second before he bit down hard and forced himself still. Quick and clumsy, he typed:

Jane [9:31pm]:
Then show me

The picture came in so quickly: Rozanov, from the neck down, sitting in front of his stall. Still shirtless. Pants still clipped, for now. Shane turned up the brightness on his phone, just a little, to appreciate the hard lines of Rozanov's body. To imagine him splayed out on the white sheets of Shane's hotel bed, ready and waiting for whatever Shane wanted to do with him. Do *to* him.

Jane [9:32pm]:
You're so fucking hot

Lily [9:31pm]:
What are you thinking about?

Jane [9:31pm]:
You
Your hands

Lily [9:31pm]:
Where do you want them

Everywhere. It wasn't fair. Shane forced his own hand to go slow as a thousand images of hands he knew so well flashed through his mind.

Jane [9:32pm]:
In your hair
Inside me

On my dick
Around my fucking throat
Fuck
Maybe around yours

The next message that came in looked like a keyboard smash of Cyrillic characters. Maybe it was words, Shane wouldn't know. And he wasn't going to look it up because then he'd have to stop what he was doing. And he *definitely* didn't want to stop. He didn't think he could if he tried.

Jane [9:32pm]:
Still with me?

Lily [9:32pm]:
Yes
Lost my english for a minute
Keep going

Jane [9:33pm]:
Say please

Lily [9:33pm]:
Please
Fuck
Please keep going

Shane's strokes started to get a bit frantic and he forced himself to slow down again. *Not yet, not yet.* His fucking veins felt like they were on fire, his entire body was buzzing electric with *Rozanov*.

Not yet.

Lily [9:33pm]:
Tell me your dirtiest thought

Jane [9:33pm]:
I want to fuck your mouth until you can't remember anything but the taste of me
And you'll take all of it won't you?

Lily [9:33pm]:
Fuck hol
Fuck
Sorry
Every inch

All of it
I want to taste it

This was the Rozanov Shane had been waiting for. His messages were coming in fast now, desperate and frenetic. Shane could picture him squirming in his seat, searching for friction when he couldn't actually touch.

Just stroking was quickly becoming *not enough*. Shane knocked his head against the bedboard as he frantically slid to pull his knees up. Fuck, he didn't– have anything. All he could do was tease himself.

Lily [9:34pm]:
Would you let me touch you?

Jane [9:34pm]:
Where would you want to touch me?

Lily [9:34pm]:
Everywhere
Fucking everywhere
Inside you
I want my fingers inside you

Jane [9:35pm]:
How many?

Lily [9:35pm]:
Two

Breathe in. Breathe out. Take more, all of it, you fucking deserve it.

Jane [9:35pm]:
Do three.

Lily [9:35pm]:
Oh my fucjingf
God
Gone they're gone
Please can i
I need to

Jane [9:35pm]:
Yes

Shane squeezed his eyes shut, stroking himself while picturing

Rozanov fumbling to unclip his pants. Usually – and it's been enough times that there is a *usually* – it's purposeful. Teasing. *Eyes on me*. Stripping his clothes off one item at a time.

This time, he probably wasn't.

The skin of Shane's hand was too rough, too calloused, just on the edge of *too much,* but he couldn't stop. Not when he knew Rozanov was getting himself off thinking about *him.*

Shane didn't really have to work too hard to imagine what that looked like; he'd seen it. Long fingers wrapped around his cock, sliding them slowly, always so slowly. Rozanov was never in a rush, always took his time taking Shane apart. And it was no different when it was himself.

Though it might be different this time. That thought tightened the knot in Shane's stomach. It felt good.

Shane's eyes were closed, lost in the fantasy, but in his mind's eye, Rozanov's were open – watching Shane watching him. He liked to see Shane's reactions. Every hitch in his breath. Every bite to his lip. Every time his eyes flicked between Rozanov's face and his hand, moving, feeling, *waiting.*

Slow down.

His last text was still unanswered. *That asshole.* He better not have-

Lily [9:38pm]:
You are evil
Have you ever had to take off hockey pants with full hard on?

Shane smiled.

Jane [9:38pm]:
Nope

Lily [9:38pm]:
It's hard

Jane [9:38pm]:
Not as hard as you i bet

Lily [9:39pm]:
Oh now you are comedian

Ha ha ha not laughing

Shane almost did laugh then, at the thought of Rozanov standing naked in his team's dressing room, desperately trying to get himself off with one hand while chastising Shane over the phone.

But his smile faded as the image in his head shifted to focus on the way Rozanov's breathing got shallow when he was close. The way his jaw tensed. The string of rapid-fire Russian he mumbled into the skin of Shane's back, maybe curses, maybe praise– they all sounded the same to Shane's ear.

And Shane was aching to hear it now.

Jane [9:39pm]:
Spit in your hand and touch yourself for me
Slowly

Lily [9:39pm]:
Fuck ok

Lily [9:40pm]:
Is almost not enough

Jane [9:40pm]:
I know
Wish i was fucking your mouth instead

Lily [9:40pm]:
Fuck youre going to make me come so fast

[Jane [9:40pm:
Wait
For me

Shane wasn't ready for it to end. He could feel himself nearing the point of no return, and slid his hand down to the base of his cock and squeezed, *hard*.

Not yet.

He was getting addicted to how *willing* Rozanov was to listen, so compliant, so eager to please. He wanted to hear his name in Rozanov's desperate voice. Wanted to hear him as he *begged*.

Actually…

Jane [9:40pm]:
I have an idea

Lily [9:41pm]:
Tell me
Quickly

Jane [9:41pm]:
Stop

Lily [9:41pm]:
What
Seriously?

Jane [9:41pm]:
Seriously

Lily [9:41pm]:
People say i am the asshole?
Im so fucking close

Jane [9:41pm]:
No
Don't come until i tell you to

Shane could practically see Rozanov's eyes, furious, blown wide, black almost to the edges. He could almost hear him whining, begging *please, I need it.*

But he didn't object.

Lily [9:41pm]:
Fuck

Jane [9:41pm]:
Go to the showers
And take a picture of yourself

Lily [9:42pm]:
Doing what?

Jane [9:42pm]:
Being good
And if i like it I'll let you listen to me

Lily [9:42pm]:
Listen to you what

Jane [9:42pm]:
Say your name when i come

Rozanov didn't send back a response, and Shane knew he was doing what he was asked. He didn't have to wait too long.

He'd seen Rozanov naked dozens of times. He'd seen *pictures* of Rozanov naked, sent every now and again to tease Shane, to make him fidget at the airport, or show him what he was missing when he didn't have time between road games to stop by Rozanov's place in Boston.

But there was something about *this* picture, knowing Rozanov was naked, hard, wanting - being *obedient. For him.* The photo was blurry, taken in a desperate hurry. The edges were soft. Shane thought for a split second it was some kind of filter until he noticed the tiny rivulets of water running down Rozanov's arm.

His hand was barely wrapped around his cock– it was palm up, the V of his pointer and thumb holding his length against hard abs. Fuck. He wasn't touching, Shane realized, he was just putting himself on display. *For him, for him, all for him.*

Shane knew what those hands were capable of. He knows what they feel like on him, *in* him. He knew how much will power Rozanov was exerting to *not* move.

All because Shane had asked.

No, because Shane had *told him not to.*

Jane [9:44pm]:
God you look so good for me
So good trying not to come

Lily [9:44pm]:
Mm not god
But i might smite you if you leave me like this

Jane [9:45pm]:
Call me

When Shane answered the phone he was greeted with something that

sounded more like a fucking *growl* than any real words. The showers thundered behind Rozanov as he muttered something desperate in Russian. Shane's eyes nearly rolled back imagining him, dripping wet, cloaked in steam, curls shaken back and forehead pressed against the tile. He was trying so hard not to touch the heavy cock between his thighs. *Not until I say you can.*

"*Bastard,*" was the first thing he could make out over the tinny speaker. Shane cradled it to his ear like if he pressed hard enough he might feel that rasped, hot breath against his neck.

Words, right. Just as texting had started to get easier. Shane grit his teeth and closed his eyes, willing all thoughts out of his mind with a slick stroke of his own cock.

"That's not very nice," he warned. Fuck, he liked that, the way he sounded felt *right.* And hell if Rozanov didn't like it too, from the choked out half-sob that came through the phone.

"Come on, Hollander. Let me touch again. You are so mean," Rozanov whined. Shane heard the sound of a palm slapping the shower wall in desperation and his cock twitched in his own palm. Rozanov, desperate to do anything with those hands. *And he made that happen.*

"Not yet," he managed, breathless. "I– I like you too much like this."

"Gah, you like *yourself* too much like this. Too much power. I should–"

"Careful." Shane swallowed, staring at that invisible line he had drawn in his head of *how far was allowed.* "I could still leave you hanging."

It earned him another desperate sound across the line. For a moment he could hear only heavy breathing between soft whimpers, like Rozanov was trying not to finish on the fucking shower floor.

"You would not," he said, eventually. But he didn't even sound that convinced himself, and that waver in his voice drove Shane wild.

"I thought I was a bastard." Shane hoped he could hear the smile through the phone. "Did I hear that right?"

"Okay, okay," Rozanov growled in frustration, eventually, almost like he was talking himself down. "What do you want? Whatever you want. I– I will make it sound good for you, yes? Promise."

And if the power was going to his head, the begging nearly ended him. Shane gripped the base of himself tight with one hand, and fisted the sheets with the other.

"You already sound good– so fucking good riled up like this," Shane swallowed, his next words thick and rigid in his mouth. It wasn't that they didn't feel right. They were a good kind of new– the perfect ache of breaking in a better pair of skates– and so they came out in a clumsy whisper, "Good– good for me."

"Hollander, *please*. I'm–" And maybe it was hard for Rozanov, too. Slipping down into…whatever the fuck this was, because he was whispering too. "*I've been so good,* haven't I? Yes. Please. Whatever you want."

What did he want? The truth was somewhere hot beneath his skin. It was in how they got here, tumbling down into something darker than a hotel room hookup, sort of, something that felt a little more *true* than silent skin on skin. '*I want you*' was too easy. 'I want *you*' was too hard. The invisible line loomed. Shane stared at the popcorn ceiling and sweat through his sheets.

"You looked really fucking good taking that hit."

And then Rozanov was laughing on the other line, manic as the shower beat down like a storm. Shane would have shrank back from it if he wasn't already so far gone.

"On my knees?" Rozanov laughed through it, husky and rich but still so wild. "Just for you, Hollander. Always only for you."

Shane must have made some noise into the phone because he heard Rozanov let out a moan in turn.

"C'mon, is that what you want? Finally get me on my knees on the dirty fucking floor? I'll do it, I'll ask *you* nicely for it this time, yes?" Rozanov was growling, demanding over the phone even with his dick still untouched. Only him.

So much more. How does he say it's so much more when he's not entirely sure what that means?

"Does it still hurt?" Shane blurted out.

Rozanov gave him that manic laugh again. "My fucking cock? Yeah, is only about to fall off, and who will fuck you then–"

“No, your– your busted lip.” *Oh, god, what was he doing?*

“What?”

Shane could practically hear him blink over the phone.

The world stilled. Shane rolled over in the hotel bed and felt that sudden weight of loneliness– how cold the other side of the bed was and how the sheets smelled like soap he’d never use. The three seconds of silence were the longest of his life– what the *fuck* was he thinking?

Rozanov’s voice sounded so much closer than before when he spoke next.

“Oh, Hollander,” he said, “*Caught you.*”

“What the fuck? No–*”* Shane let out a breathless little warning. Because there was this fucking hitch in his voice, suddenly. He knew on the other end of the line, Rozanov was fucking grinning. Had he always been able to read his mind? Since day fucking one?

“Hollander.” Again. Teasing, sing-song almost, below the desperation. “Are you wishing it was you?”

And like this, it was hard to say. *Yes,* because he wanted the head spinning power of slamming him in the boards. *Yes,* because he wanted to drop the gloves with Rozanov, always, he wanted to feel his skin under his hands. *Yes*, because he wanted to smooth out that scowl to something closer to punch-drunk devotion. And…*yes maybe even* because he made Shane see red every time– and didn’t it match so well on that smart fucking mouth?

“…Maybe,” was what he said.

“No, more. Give me more.” It wasn’t a command, it never could be with the way Rozanov’s voice was going reedy again. “You want to smack me around, Hollander? Shut me up for real?”

Shane’s answer was more of a whimper. “I don’t–” *No, I don’t? I don’t know?*

“Don’t be shy. I would want to shut me up too.” Rozanov groaned, a tinge of embarrassment in his voice as he spoke next, “Fuck, I am so fucking hard, I might even let you win for once.”

It was Shane's turn to reel back from the suckerpunch.

"Fuck you, I'm already winning," He breathed out, not entirely believing this was real. "You better– keep your fucking hands to yourself, asshole."

"*Yes, Hollander*," Rozanov's husky lilt, dripping over the phone. The way he softened the *H* in his name in the back of his throat. His goddamn undoing. "It is still tender, you know. You want to feel? Pull my hair and slide your cock against it?"

Shane felt something buzz hot behind his eyes. His cock jumped against his belly as he pressed two fingers, slick with only spit, deeper inside. The whole world was quickly narrowing to chasing that spark he felt when he first saw blood spit on the ice.

"I wanna do it myself." What rational part of his brain that was left to say *this is fucked, this is wrong* had short circuited. "Take you out there on the ice. Clean hits. Fuck. I can't stop thinking about your face all dazed after the first punch," he laughed, then, *delirious,* babbling, "Finally fucking quiet, you know, like you'd listen to me for once. You looked–"

"*Hollander*." Shane heard his name whispered through the haze.

Shane bit down hard. "I– fuck, *sorry*–"

"No, fuck, no, I'm sorry, keep going, beautiful." Rozanov's voice was so soft under the rain shower. "Hollander. Keep going. Just let me touch, please, *please*. You make it so hard."

Shane swallowed. Chasing the feeling, he asked "You really haven't…?"

"Yes, yes, again why I am MVP, I can follow the fucking plays." The sound over the line was practically animal, snarling, growling, "You want to rough me up so I come fuck you harder? Come do it."

The line was slipping through Shane's fingers. The trade off between touch and keeping Rozanov here and *his*. *Come do it.* He needed to hear the breath punched out of his lungs when he let him– fuck, *let him,* why were those two words driving him crazy– touch.

"Okay," he whispered. "Do it slow."

All of Rozanov's raw want bounced around the shower walls, above

the water, above *everything* as he let out a groan. Maybe it was wishful thinking, maybe it was his brain finally blowing out, but Shane could swear he heard a throaty *thank you* somewhere in the haze.

“Now you keep talking, captain,” he rasped.

“Yeah, yes, okay,” Shane managed, chasing that heat again. Fuck, he could hear it. The steady, slick glide of skin on skin. Rozanov’s little huffs of breath above the shower filled the silence. Were his hands shaking, Shane wondered, tendons flexed tense as he tried to take it slow for him?

“I–” *They’re already this far gone, he can say it, fuck he couldn’t probably say anything to Rozanov right now–* “I was so hard the second I saw the cameras on you all fucked up. I couldn’t stop–” The words tumbled from him, each one earning him a little growl or huff of breath, each one easier than the last. “Spitting on the ice, fuck, teeth all bloody. I wanna fuck your mouth so badly. I want you…” Shane squeezed his eyes shut. “All over me like that.”

He heard Rozanov curse in Russian– it could only be a curse, with the way his breath hitched before he breathed it out like a prayer.

“Like what?” And, he wasn’t teasing. His voice was low, strained, unscored with those same slick strokes. Nice and slow. “Tell me how you want me.”

“I– I don’t know.” *More,* he practically feel Rozanov’s voice rumbling against his ear. “Like…” The thing was, Shane couldn’t exact say *why* it had him acting like this, why it made his blood so fucking hot. Shane realized he had been bucking up into his hand as he confessed. He squeezed down hard again– oh god, he was *close*. “I don’t know. Fucking stupid for it, you know? For me.”

Rozanov let out a long, desperate groan. Shane could picture the rivulets of waters running down his collarbones as he threw his head back in the shower, hand working fast between his legs.

“Like a dog,” Rozanov said, voice deep, accent practically dripping off his lips like he really was losing his English. “Fuck, Hollander. You like that?”

Too fucking much. Shane threw his arm over his eyes and felt his own cock slap against his belly, dripping and so goddamn close. *Like a dog*. His hips bucked up as he gripped the sheets, desperate not to finish like this, *from that*.

“Yeah,” he managed, desperate to follow this down. “My–” It was too shameful to say, to make it real even now. “Mine.”

“Yours. Next time, All Stars–” Rozanov was searching for words over the phone, breath coming in short, focused huffs. “I tear apart anyone who fucks with you out there, and then I come fuck you like a dog after that. You want that?”

Shane’s eyes were still buried in the crook of his arm. “What if you lose?” He whispered.

“I do not lose.” Rozanov gave him a half laugh, half-groan. “But we pretend. Is better for you. Bloodier.”

“Better for me?”

“*Ah*, and maybe me. I like mean Hollander. Would like to meet him on the ice one day if you were not such a– *fuck*.”

Shane nearly dropped the phone. He had to get his hand back around his cock or he was going to die like this, with Rozanov growling in his ear, so willing to be his. He let out a moan and heard it echo through the phone.

“If I saw you take a hit for me, fuck, I don’t know if we’d make it to the hotel room,” He started. *Was that true?* All those images of dirty blowjobs in bathroom stalls and showers started to feel so *real*. “I’d make you wait in the lockers again. Make you make the excuses until it was just us–”

“Oh? Thought I was supposed to be too stupid to do anything but fuck you?”

“Fuck *you*. Yeah, you are.” He couldn't stop, now. Shane was only vaguely aware of the growl in his own voice and the whimpers he was letting out on every downstroke. “Too– too fuckin’ gone to know any better. You’d fuck me in the showers, wouldn’t you?”

“Oh, god. Did not think you had this in you, Hollander.” *Stroke, slick–* getting faster now, over the phone. “*Da,* yes, only if you let me. Will you let me? Please?”

“I’ll let you, I want it. Don’t even fucking speak, just, just–” He was tumbling towards the line, now, too fucking close to stop. “Just fuck me like a… a dog, like you said, let me take everything I want, let me *do* whatever I–”

“That’s right, whatever you want,” Rozanov finished for him. “I’ll fuck you so good. I’ll *be* so good. Let me–”

“*No*.”

The world flickered out for a second as Shane’s eyes rolled back. He was going to come like this, dirtier than he ever had before, with just his own hand and the image of Ilya fucking Rozanov behind him with a bloody mouth.

“Good for *you*,” Rozanov whispered across the line.

“*Yeah*. Just me.”

It sounded more like a question, maybe, Shane wasn’t sure. But then Rozanov’s breath was picking up over the line and fuck if he hadn’t felt that same breath a thousand times on the back of his neck.

“Yes,” he murmured. Even now Shane could tell every muscle in his body was tense, holding back. “Yes. Hollander’s good fucking dog.”

“Oh, god, Roza– *fuck*,” Everything blurred. Heat, ice, blood, hands on the back of his neck. “You wanna– ?”

“For you?” Another growl, so fucking fitting. “More than fucking *anything*.”

“With me, then. *Please*.”

Shane’s words came out in heaving breaths, *one, two*, in time with his hand so fast over his cock it almost hurt. Rozanov in the shower, steam in his curls and water cascading down flexed wrists as he fucked his own hand. Rozanov on his knees, in every fantasy, staring up with blown out black eyes. *Hollander’s good fucking dog.*

But mostly just *‘Rozanov: his.’*

“*Good boy.*” Half for himself, half for the stuttering breaths on the other end of the line.

Shane would never tell but he waited. With his back bowed on the bedsheets, with a sheen of sweat over his whole fucking body, with his legs trembling as he tried to hold it for just a second longer– he waited until he heard Ilya Rozanov come for him over the fucking phone. That first grateful moan, echoing off the shower walls, was what he needed to tip over the edge.

So fucking warm.

“Hollander?” Rozanov’s voice cut through the comedown.

“Yeah?”

“Don’t freak out.”

He smiled. “Wasn’t planning on it.”

“Good,” Shane could hear the smile in his voice, too. “Save it for Boston, yes?”

“Deal.”

Somewhere, so far away, Shane heard the shower turn off. Everything went silent. The prairie winds had died down, the snow was less of a stranger. And the world was still, save for Rozanov’s breath in his ear.

End Notes

Thank you for reading! Comments and kudos are loved if you enjoyed our filth <3

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